

A New Slant on Inez—By Sewell Ford

AND I thought I knew all about Inez, too, from her taste in gum to the quirks in her disposition. I would have made a stab at forecasting just how she'd be liable to react under almost any conditions, even to giving her very words if she found a burglar under the bed or a hairpin in the soup. I had an idea I could read the thoughts behind her big gray eyes and guess what she'd do next.

But it can't be done. No! The only real, true slant on life that I'm sure of now is that human nature is too complicated for one person to have more than a sketchy notion of another, no matter how close they've been or for how long. And I wouldn't bar brothers and sisters, mothers and daughters, or married couples who've had their silver wedding.

Which is more or less tied up to what's happened to us within the last few days. It began when I held out telling Inez the poor news that I'd brought home from the theater the night before. I figured that she was bound to be a bit panicky over it, so I waited until after luncheon and then sprung it on her easy. She gave me the opening by asking if it wasn't nearly time for me to start for the matinee.

"No more matinees, Inez," says I. "Eh?" says she turning her head, but keeping right on stacking the luncheon dishes.

"Not of The Prince and the Flapper, anyway," says I. "Nor evening performances, either."

"What for?" she asks.

"Because it's been taken off," says I. "We've all seen it coming; that is, everyone but Mother Bates, who never sees anything except that her gray hair needs another henna dip. We didn't believe the crash was quite so near, though. But with a week of rotten weather and the houses getting slimmer and slimmer—well, I suppose Ames Hunt got sick of paying out more than he was taking in. He's a sports manager, all right, but he's a shifty one, too. So last night he made us a little speech, gave us all a full week's salary, and said he hoped that next time we'd all edge in on a piece that would have a two-season run. And that's the sad, sad story."

INEZ stares at me for a full minute, while the news trickles down through the bone. Then she asks: "You—you lose your job, Tribby May?"

"To put it crudely, yes," says I. "As 'The Flapper' I've flapped my last flap."

"But—but you can be talk actress at some other theater, eh?" she suggests.

"Probably not," says I. "For one thing, too many houses have gone dark or are going that way soon; and for another, I'm not sure that I'm such a whole of an actress, anyway. My making good in this piece of Barry's was rather a fluke, you know, and the other managers haven't been begging me to sign contracts. So I guess it's just a case of being at liberty for me."

Inez pours the hot water into the dishpan thoughtful, after which she remarks: "I lose my rich uncle, you lose your job."

"Here we are," says I. "What you gonna do?" demands Inez.

"Not a blessed thing for two whole weeks," says I. "I'm going to lay off, not even think. I'm going to shed no tears for the past or take any so-called pecks at the future. I'm not going within a block of any theater, or even walk through Times Square. Probably I shall gawp into all the fifth avenue shop windows one day and prowl through the East Side push-cart market the next. One afternoon I'm going to spend up at Bronx Park, watching the polar bears duck each other, for, next to half-grown pigs, I think polar bears are true comedians. Also, I mean to hang around some dock and see an ocean liner pull out, and walk the whole length of Mulberry street the first fine afternoon that comes along. That's equal to a trip to Italy, and it doesn't cost a cent. Outside of that, I shall water the geraniums in our window box and try my luck at making onion soup. Restful program, isn't it?"

Inez doesn't say, but for the next few minutes she handles the dish mop absent-mindedly, as if her thoughts were centered on something utterly remote from out kitchenette sink. Finally she comes out with it, she demands.

"You mean of us two, I suppose?" says I. "Quite so. Much as the neighborhood may appreciate having us here, and as thick as you are with Mrs. Lindgren at the delicatessen store, we can hardly buffalo the landlord or the grocer so that they'll forget to send in their bills. But I've got to cash reserve that will carry us along for a while. So why worry?"

"Huh!" says Inez. "All right for you. Me, I get a job."

LAUGH AND TELL MISTER LEFFLEUR, WHY YOU DON'T HAVE ONE BIG GIRL TO SHOW 'EM RIGHT? I SAYS."



liner pull out, and walk the whole length of Mulberry street the first fine afternoon that comes along. That's equal to a trip to Italy, and it doesn't cost a cent. Outside of that, I shall water the geraniums in our window box and try my luck at making onion soup. Restful program, isn't it?"

Inez doesn't say, but for the next few minutes she handles the dish mop absent-mindedly, as if her thoughts were centered on something utterly remote from out kitchenette sink. Finally she comes out with it, she demands.

"You mean of us two, I suppose?" says I. "Quite so. Much as the neighborhood may appreciate having us here, and as thick as you are with Mrs. Lindgren at the delicatessen store, we can hardly buffalo the landlord or the grocer so that they'll forget to send in their bills. But I've got to cash reserve that will carry us along for a while. So why worry?"

"Huh!" says Inez. "All right for you. Me, I get a job."

WHICH starts a long but friendly debate. I tried to show Inez, without stating it too raw or hurting her feelings, that she's never been much of a go-getter when she's tried on her own hook. I reminded her gentle that I'd always been the one who had gone out and rustled something that would connect us with the outside world. I hope she's mercifully hinted that the art of grabbing a good job, when the grabbing was



"MAIS OUI!" SAYS HE, RUBBIN' HIS HANDS. "IT WOULD BE A GREAT JOKE ON HIM, AND THE MAISON NOIR WOULD HAVE SUCH A MODEL AS NO OTHER ESTABLISHMENT IN TOWN!"

poor, called for a certain brand of rapid fire done work such as she'd never been especially noted for.

"Just let things ride for a little while," says I, "until I've had a good rest, and then I'll tackle this work proposition for both of us."

Inez shakes her head. "You think I'm no good, eh?" says she.

"Not at all, Inez," says I. "You're a wonderful girl. But crashing into commerce and picking out something soft hasn't been your long suit. They'll look you over, note how husky you are, and the next thing you know you'll be signed up for hard work at long hours and poor pay. Haven't anything in mind, I suppose?"

"Sure!" says Inez. "I see Annette the other day. She got swell job."

"But she's a trained lady's maid," says I. "You wouldn't want to go in for domestic service, I hope."

"Annette, she ain't mad any more," says Inez. "She's in that Maison Noir, up by 57th street, and all she does is wear elegant things—dresses and opera robes and fur capes—to show off to rich ladies all day long."

"Oh!" says I, "a modiste's mannequin, eh? Well, Annette could."

"Good pay, too," goes on Inez. "I like to do that. I'm gonna see."

"Go to it, then," says I. "If you can land anything like that, I shall have only myself to look out for. But hadn't you better let me—"

"No," says she, decided. "You get rested. I been loafin' long enough. I get my own job. Today I'm gonna go there."

As and soon as she could slip into a plain black work dress she started, chicky and ambitious. Two hours



living on Park avenue. But I asked no questions until I came back from a walk and found her costumed as if for a tea dance at the Flutaria—best hat, furs, pearl necklace and everything. There's no denying, either, that when Inez is well dressed she's an impressive-looking creature. Rather a stunner, too, especially in black, when that wonderful complexion of hers gets a chance. I had to stop and gaze admiringly.

"You're a knockout, Inez," says I. "But who's giving the party?"

"No party," says she. "I'm gonna go shopping."

"Ouch!" says I. "Shopping! You're crazy! This is no time to go buying things, with our finances what they are. Have a heart!"

"Maybe I don't buy anything," says Inez. "Just shop. But I need some money for taxi cab."

"But—how foolish, Inez!" says I. "Spurting on like that, when we don't know where our money will be earning a dollar again!"

"Ah, don't be tightwad!" she protests. "And how can I walk far in such things?"

True enough, she has on her newest high-heeled pumps and her choicest nude hose. So I staked her for a couple of dollars, which she stows in the gold mesh purse that she'd kidded her Uncle Neils into buying for her birthday, and off she went without telling me where or why.

MY best guess was that Bill Hart or some other movie hero was to appear in person at some picture

HEROIC JAPANESE SUBMARINE OFFICER WROTE REMARKABLE STORY OF DISASTER.

DOCUMENT Displayed in Library of Congress, and Many Conference Delegates From Japan Knew the Writer—Hours at the Bottom of the Sea—The Fatal Sinking and the Tragic Minutes—A Plea for Continued Experiments With Underwater Craft—Brave Members of Crew.

OCCUPYING an inconspicuous place among the thousands of manuscripts in the Library of Congress is one of the most remarkable documents ever penned. The story of tragic heroism and cool bravery in the face of certain death contained therein contains probably the most interesting and pitiful statement of its kind in existence.

It's author, the commander of a Japanese submarine which sank with its crew of fifteen souls in 1910—in the days when the undersea boat was far from being a perfected craft—wrote his account of the tragedy to his commanding officer while his comrades were about to burst, and with eyes blurred by approaching death. The example of devotion to duty and self-sacrifice displayed by this officer is believed to be unparalleled in maritime annals.

The document in the library is a photographic reproduction, exact size, of the small logbook found in the pocket of the submarine's commander, Lieut. Sakuma, when the sunken boat was salvaged. The craft, designated as submarine boat No. 6, sank in Hiroshima bay during maneuvers of the Imperial Japanese navy, April 15, 1910. The exhibit was presented to the Library of Congress by Commander Tokutomo Hiraga, naval attaché of the Japanese embassy at the time. The book comprises thirty-eight pages, written, of course, in Japanese characters.

A translation in English has been furnished through the courtesy of the Japanese embassy.

AN explanatory note beside the papers, which are in a glass case in the prints section, second floor corridor of the Library, Capitol side, states:

"It is the tragic and wonderfully heroic record written by Lieut. Sakuma, while approaching death after the fatal sinking of the boat, moment of death, at 12:40 p.m."

The record follows: beginning with the total immersion at 10 a.m. and ending with the last words of apology fall me for having sunk his majesty's submarine No. 6. My subordinates are killed by my fault, but it is with pride that I inform you that the crew to a man discharged their duties as sailors should, with the utmost coolness, until their dying moments.

"We now sacrifice our lives for the sake of our country, but my fear is that the disaster will affect the future development of submarines. It is therefore my hope that nothing will daunt your determination to study the submarine until it is a perfect machine, absolutely reliable. We can then die without regret."

"It was while making a gasoline dive that the boat sank lower than was intended, and in our attempt to close the sluices the chain broke. We endeavored to stop the rush of water with our hands, but too late; the water entered at the rear and the boat sank at an incline of twenty-five degrees."

"When it touched bottom it was at an angle of thirteen degrees. The current submerged the electric generator, put out the light and the electric wires were burned."

"In a few minutes bad gas was generated, making it difficult for us to breathe. It was at 10 a.m. on the 15th instant that the boat sank. Surrounded by poisonous gas, the crew strove to pump out the water."

"As soon as the boat sank the

sons of warfare usage had been learned and profited by. Since that time numerous improvements of a major nature have been perfected, adding to the seaworthiness of undersea craft and to the safety of officers and men.

That the crew of a modern submarine stands a better chance for rescue



SURROUNDED BY POISONOUS GAS THE CREW STROVE TO PUMP OUT THE WATER.

water in the main tank was being pumped out. The electric light was extinguished and the gauge was invisible, but it seemed the water in the main tank was completely pumped out.

"The electric current has now become useless and the handpump is our only hope. The vessel is in darkness and I note this down by the light through conning tower, at 11:45 a.m."

"The crew are now wet, and it is extremely cold. It is my opinion that men embarking in submarines must possess the qualities of coolness and nerve and must be extremely painstaking; they must be brave and daring in their handling of the boat. People may laugh at this opinion in view of my failure, but the statement is true."

"We have worked hard to pump out the water, but the boat is still in the same position. It is now 12 o'clock. The depth of the water here is about ten fathoms."

"The crew of a submarine should be selected from the bravest, the coolest, or they will be of little use in times of crisis—in such as we are now. My brave men are doing their best."

"I always expect death when away from home. My will is, therefore, prepared and is in the locker. But this is my private affair. I hope Mr. Taguchi will send it to my father."

"A word to his majesty, the emperor. It is my earnest hope that your majesty will supply the means of living to the poor families of the crew. This is my only desire, and I am so anxious to have it fulfilled."

"My respects and best regards to the following:

"Admiral Salto, minister of the navy; Vice Admiral Shimamura; Fujita, Rear Admiral Nawa, Yamashita and Narita—the air pressure is so light that I feel as if my eardrums will be broken—Capt. Matsumura, Lieut. Commander Matsumura (this is my elder brother), Capt. Funakoshi, Mr. Narita and Mr. Ikuta. It is now 12:30 p.m. My breathing is so difficult and painful."

"I thought I could blow out gasoline, but I am intoxicated with it—Capt. Nakano—it is now 12:40 p.m."

after an accident of the kind that sent the unfortunate Japanese boat to the bottom of Hiroshima bay than did Lieut. Sakuma and his men back in 1910 is evidenced by the recent escape of the crew of the sunken Lake submarine, about to be turned over to the government, and by the rescue through a hole cut in the hull of the vessel of naval officers and sailors manning the American submarine, which went down last year in the Atlantic.

did not prevent him from being anxious over the future of the families of the crew, however, it was recalled that Lieut. Sakuma, minister of the navy, to whom the dying officer gave his best regards, is now Admiral Salto, governor general of Korea, it was learned. Most of the men named in the document for remembrance are living, it is understood. Many of the officers of the Japanese navy holding ranks below commander knew the lieutenant as a college classmate.

At the time of the recovery of the book from the pocket of the submarine commander five or six copies of the record were printed at the request of officials of the United States Navy and placed in the files for reference. It was explained that the example of fortitude and sailorly bearing set by the young Japanese officer was worthy of emulation by Americans.

The Japanese feel justly proud of the commander and crew of submarine No. 6, and treasure the record left by Lieut. Sakuma as few other imperial documents are treasured.

CAPITAL SIDELIGHTS

SECRETARY DAVIS of the Department of Labor, in forty years has developed from a little Welsh immigrant to a member of the President's cabinet, among the duties of his office finds most pleasant that of welcoming in the name of the United States government those from other lands who seek here a haven, a home and opportunity. In discussing the policy of the department that we should not take from the alien his mother tongue, in which he has learned his lessons, he illustrates from his own experiences and feelings what this means to the adopted sons.

"I recently returned to my home of boyhood days," he said, "and attended with my mother a little old Welsh church, where a Welsh sermon was preached, and they sang Welsh hymns. I seldom use what little knowledge I have of the old language, but it was tonic to me to sit in that old pew with my mother and with the other good folks, who, though stanch American citizens, love the language and the songs of earlier years."

fourteen hours a day, and expect at any minute to have my union card taken away from me." This raised a laugh, but it put emphasis on the fact that the biggest part of the work of members of Congress is not on the floor of the legislative chamber but in sessions of committees and in personal visits to the various government departments in behalf of their constituents and the industries of their districts.

REPRESENTATIVE CARL W. RIDGICK of Montana, who is going to be a candidate for the Senate, made his way to Congress in much the same way that he made his way to an education. When he was put up as a candidate for Congress he took his literary and covered more than 12,000 miles, visiting the people in the largest congressional district in the United States. When he started for college from Menominee, Mich., where his father was a "home missionary" appointee, he mounted his high-wheel bicycle and rode 735 miles to Albion College. On his wheel or beside it this undaunted youth covered the entire distance in seven days, having many thrilling experiences on the way. That trip, with its good roads and bad roads, the hills, sand, danger, heat, exhaustion, discouragement, indomitable pushing ahead and withal joy of the journey and sure arrival, are symbolical of his career.

HOW visitors to Washington sometimes get an entirely wrong impression of how the government is run and how Uncle Sam works was seen in the Senate one day last week. There were several hundred tourists. Senator Duncan of Florida was delivering a speech on reflexes of the President's agricultural conference. While the entire battery of clerks and pages were at their posts, there was not another senator on the floor, with the single exception of Senator Porter of Missouri. The question of holding joint sessions was brought up in the House District committee. Representative Charles L. Underhill of Massachusetts protested, saying: "I am in momentary fear; I am working

NEXT time "Cal" Coolidge goes back to the old home town his New England friends and neighbors will find that his stay in Washington has separated him from one of his striking characteristics which has always made him more one with his Yankee fellows. He has been suffering with asthma and his physician decided he had a small bone growth in the left side of his nose, which was interfering with proper breathing. So he went to a noted surgeon and had a couple of small bones removed. Now it happens that with the removal of those bones from his nose "Cal" has lost almost entirely the nasal Yankee twang that has come to be recognized as Coolidge's clean across the continent. The surgeon has found some small bone protruding in the other nostril, which the Vice President is going to have removed—so there is good chance that Calvin Coolidge will never be the same again to any one who knows his nose twang.